Q-6-35 n° 4

A goodly exposycyon, after the maner of a contemplacion,

upon the. li. Psalme called Miserere mei deus. Whiche Hierome of Farrarye made at the latter ende of his dayes.

41; 99

Alas wretche that I am / cõfortlesse and forsaken of all men / whiche haue offended bothe heuen and earthe. whyther shall I go? or whyther shall I turne me? to whome shall I flee for socour? whoo shall haue pyte or compassyon on me? vnto heauen dare I not lyfte vp myn eyes / for I haue greuously synned agaynste it. And in the earthe can I fynde no place of defence / for I haue ben noysome vnto it. what shall I nowe do? shall I dyspayre? god forbyd. Full mercyfull is god and: my sauyour is meke and louynge. Therfore onely god is my refuge / he wyll not dysppyce hys creature / nor forsake hys owne ymage. Vnto the therfore moost meke and mercyfull god come I all sadde and sorowfull: for thou onely arte my hope / and thou onely arte the toure of my defence. But what shall I saye vnto the / seynge I dare not lyfte vppe myn eyes.

I wyll power out the wordes of sorowe I wyl hertely beseche the for mercy and wyll say.

Haue mercy vpon me (O thy god) accordyng to thy great mercy.

¶ God which dwellest in lyghte that no man can attayne. God which arte hydde / can not be sene with our bodyly eyes: nor cõprehended with any vnderstandynge that euer was made nor expressed with the tong of men or aungels. Thy God / the whiche arte incomprehensyble

to J seke/the whiche canst not be expressed
J calle vpon / what thynge soeuer thou art
whiche arte in euery place. J know that thou
arte that moost hye and excellent thynge / y
thou be a thynge/and not rather the cause
all thyng/yf J may so call the / for J fynde
name by the whiche J maye name or expres
thyne inestable maieste. God (J saye(which
arte all thynges that are in the/for thou art
euyn thyne owne wysdom/thy power and thy
moost gloryous felicyte. Seyng therfore that
thou arte mercyfull/what arte thou but euyn
the very mercy it selfe? And what am J / but
very mysery? Beholde therfore o God/ which
arte mercy/beholde mysery is before the/what
shalte thou do mercy; truely thy worke / canst
thou do otherwyse then nature is? And what
is thy worke/veryly to take awaye mysery
and to lyfte vp them that are in wretched con
dicyon. Therfore haue mercy on me oh God
God J say whiche arte mercy/take awaye my
mysery/take awaye my synnes / for they are
myne extreme mysery. Lyfte vp me whiche
am so mysserable/shewe thy worke in me/and
exercyse thy power vpon me. One depth re
quyreth another/the depthe of mysery requy
reth the depth of mercy. The depth of synne
asketh the depth of grace and fauour. Greater
is the depth of mercy then the depth of mysery.
Let therfore the one depth swalowe vp the o

gher. Let the bothomlesse depth of mercy swa-
owe vp the profounde depth of mysery.
Haue mercy on me / oh God / accordynge to
thy great mercy.
Not after the mercy of men / whiche is but
mall / but after thyne owne mercy / whiche is
reat / whiche is vnmeasurable / whiche is in-
omprehensyble / whiche passeth all synnes
without comparyson. Accordynge to that thy
reat mercy with the whiche thou haste so lo-
ed the worlde / that thou woldest gyue thyne
onely sone. what mercy can be greater? what
loue can be more. who can despayre? who shuld
not haue good confydence? God was made
man and crucyfyed for men. Therfore haue
mercy on me / oh God / accordynge to this thy
great mercy / by the whiche thou haste gyuen
thy sone for vs / by whiche (throughe hym)
thou hast taken away the synne of the worlde:
by whiche (throughe his crosse) thou haste
yghtened all men / by whiche (through hym)
thou haste redressed all thynges in heauen
and earth. washe me oh lorde / in his bloode
yghten me in his humylite / redresse me in his
resurrectyon. Haue mercy on me / oh God /
not after thy small mercy / for that is but thy
small mercy (in comparyson) when thou hel-
pest men of theyr bodyly euyls / but it is grea-
ter / when thou forgyuest synnes / and west ele
uate men by thy fauoure aboue the toppe of

the earth. Euen so lorde haue mercy on me/
according to thy great mercy/that thou turne
me vnto the/that thou put out my synnes/
& that thou iustifye me by thy grace & fauour.
And according vnto the multytude of thy com
passyons/wype away myne iniquite.
¶ Thy mercy lorde is the haboundaunce of
thy pyty/by the whiche thou lokest gently on
the poore and wretched. Thy compassyons
are the workes and processes of thy mercy.
Mary Magdaleyn came vnto thy feete (good
Iesu) she washed them with her teares/and
wyped them with her heer:thou forgauest her
and sendest her away in peace/this was (lorde)
one of thy compassyons. Peter denyed the and
forsoke the with an othe/thou lokedest vpon
hym & he wepte bytterly/thou forgauest hym
and madest hym one of the cheyf amonge thyne
apostles. This was (lorde) another of thy com
passyons. The theefe on the crosse was sa-
ued with one worde. Paule in the furyous
woodnesse of his persecucyon was called/and
by and by fulfylled with the holy ghoste.
These are lorde thy compassyons. The tyme
shulde fayle me yf I wolde nombre all thy mer-
cyable cõpassyons/for loke howe many cyght
wyse men there be/and so many are thy godly
compassyons. There is none that can glorye
in hym selfe. Let them all come that are cyght
wyse/cyther in earth or in heauen/and let vs

aske them before the whether they be saued by theyr owne power and vertue / and surely all they that wyll answere with one herte and one mouth sayeng. Not vnto vs (lorde) not vnto vs/but vnto thy name gyue all the prayse/ for thy mercy & for thy truthes sake. For they in theyr owne swearde possesse not the lande/& theyr owne arme or power saued thē not/but thy ryght hande & thyn arme/& the lyghtnyng of thy coūtenaūce/for thou delytedest in them (that is) they are not saued for theyr owne deseruynges/lest that any mā should bost hymself but bicause it pleseth the so to be/which thing the prophet doth also more expresly wytnes of the (when he sayeth) he saued me bycause he wolde haue me. Syth therfore that thou arte the same god with whome is no alteracyon or varyablenes/neyther arte thou chaunged in to darkenes/and we thy creatures as well as our fathers which were borne vnder concupyscence/synners as wel as we/and syth there is but one medyator & atonement bytwene god & man/that is Chryst Jesus whiche endureth for euer. why doest thou not powre on thy plenteous cōpassyons vpon vs aswel as thou dyddest vpon our fathers/hast thou forgoten vs/ or are we onely syñers? dyd not Chryst dye for vs. Are all thy mercyes spent and none lefte?

¶ Lorde our god/I desyre and hertly beseche the to putte out myne iniquitye / accordynge

vnto the multytude of thy compassyons. For many/yea and infinyte are thy compassyons/ that accordyng (I say) to the multytude of thy compassyons/thou vouchesafe to quenche my synne/that as thou hast drawen and receyued innumerable synnes/& haste made them ryghtuous/euyn so that thou wylt draw and take me & make me ryghtwyse through thy grace & fauour/therfore accordyng to the multitude of thy cõpassyons/wype away myne iniquite. Clense and purifye myne hert that (after myn iniquite is put oute/and all my vnclennesse clensed) it maye be as a cleane table/in the whiche the fynger of God may wryte the law of his loue and charyte/with the whiche cannone iniquite contynue.

Yet washe me more from myne iniquite/ and clense me from my synne.

¶ I graunt and knowledge/oh lorde/thou haste ones put out myne iniquite/thou haste put it out agayn and hast washed me a thousande tymes/howe be it yet washe me from myne iniquite/for I am fallen agayne.

Doest thou vse to spare a synfull man vntyll a certayne nombre of his synne/whiche whan Peter enquyred howe often shall my brother offende a gaynst me/and shall forgyue hym/ whether seuen tymes? Thou answeredest. I say not seuen tymes/but seuenty tymes seuen tymes/takynge that certayne nombre for an

infinyte nombre. Sythe then that a man muste forgyue so often / shalte thou in pardonynge and forgyuenesse be passed of a man? is not God more then man? is he nat better thenne man? yea/rather God is the greater lorde/and euery man lyuynge is nothynge / but all vanyte. And only God is good/& euery man is a lyer/hast thou not sayd. In what hour soeuer the synner with repent/I wyll not remembre any of his iniquites. Beholde / I a synner to repent and mourne for myne olde preuy sores festred within/and now are they broken forth for myn owne folysshnesse. I am depressed and sore broken. I walke in contynual mournyng I am feble and very weyke/I rore for the sorowe of myne herte. Lorde all my desyres are before the/and my sorowfull syghes are not vnknowen vnto the. Myne herte trembleth and panteth for sorowe / my strength fayleth me/and euen the very syght of myn eyes cesse from theyr office. wherfore then / oh lorde/ wolt thou not put awaye myne iniquite. And yf thou put it out accordynge to the multytude of thy mercyes / yet washe me fro myne iniquite. For yet am I not parfytely purvyed/fynysshe thy worke/take awaye the hole offence and also the payne that is due vnto the cryme/encrease thy lyght with in me.
Kyndle my herte with thy loue and charyte/ put out all fere/for parfyte loue sendeth away

feare. Let the loue of the worlde/the loue of the
flesshe/the loue of vayne glory/and the loue of
my selfe vtterly departe from me/yet styl more
and more walsshe me fro myne iniquite/by the
which I haue offended agaynst my neyghbour
and clense me fro my synne that I haue com-
mytted agaynst god. I wolde haue the put a-
way/not onely the faute and payne that folo-
weth it/but also the occasyon & nourysshment
of synne / walsshe me I saye with the water of
thy gracyous fauour/with water of which he
that drynketh shall not thyrst for euer / but it
shall be made in hym a fountayne of lyuynge
water/rennyng in to euerlastyng lyfe/walsshe
me with the comfortable waters of thy holy
scrypture/that I maye be nombred amonge
them/vnto whome thou saydest. Nowe are ye
cleane from my wordes whiche I haue spoken
vnto you. Iohan. xiij.

For I knowledge myne iniquite / and my
synne is euer before myne eyes.

¶ Although through the beholdynge of thy
mercy & compassions I may beholde to flie vnto
the/oh lorde/yet wyll I not come as the pha-
risey whiche prayed not / but rather prayse
hym selfe/and despyse his neyghbour/ but I
com vnto the as the publycan. Lu. xviij. which
durst not lyft vp his eyes vnto heauen. For I
also do knowlege myne iniquitie / & whyles I
ponder my synnes I dare not lyft vp myn eyes

but humblyng my selfe with the publycan/ I say god be mercyfull to me a synner. ¶My soule wauereth betwene hope and feare / and somtyme for the feare of my synnes/ whyche I fele and knowledge to be in me/ I am redy to despayre/ somtyme through the hope of thy mercy/ I am lyfted vp and comforted. Neuertheless / bycause that thy mercy is greater then my mysery/ I wyll euer lorde trust in the/ and wyll synge oute thy plentuous compassyons for euer. For I knowe that thou desyrest not the death of a synner/ but rather that he were conuerted/ and that he wolde knowledge his iniquite and forsake his synne/ and so come to the that he may lyue.

¶My god graunt me that I may lyue in the/ for I knowledge my wyckednesse / I knowe what a grenous burthen it is/ howe coppouse & howe scoperdouse. I am not vgnorant of it/ I hyde it not but set it euen before myne eyes/ that I may wasshe it with my teares/ & knowledge vnto the lorde myne vnrygh twysnes against my self. And also my syne which I haue proudely wone agaynst the/ is euer agaynst me: it is euen agaynste me euer and in euery place it is so agaynste me/ that it is euer before my face & standeth but agaynst me/ that my prayer maye not pearce throughe vnto the / And therfore it is agaynste me/ bycause I haue synned agaynst the/ and it is truly agaynst me

for it is euen agaynste my soule/ and accuseth me euer before the my iudge / & condempneth mercy fro me and hynder thy mercy that it can not come at me: therfore do I tremble & therfore do I mourne beseechynge thy mercy/ therfore O lorde as thou hast gyuen this grace vnto me to knowe my wyckednes / & to bewayle my synne: euen so accomplysshe this thy benevolence gyuynge me a perfite fayth and drawynge me vnto thy sone/ whiche hathe made a full satysfaccyon for all my synnes. Gyue me lorde this precyous gyfte: for euery good gyft and euery perfite gyfte is frō aboue/ comynge from the father of lyght.

Agaynst the onely haue I synned/ and haue done that whiche is euyll in thy syghte: that thou mayste be iustyfyed in thy wordes / and mayst haue the victory whē thou arte iudged. I haue ouermoche synned vnto the alone/ for thou commaundeste me that I shulde loue the for thy selfe: and shulde loue all creatures for thy sake. But I haue loued a creature more then the/ louynge it euen for it selfe.

What is synne / but to loue a creature for it selfe? and what is that but to do agaynst the? Surely he that loueth a creature for it selfe/ maketh that creature his god. And therfore haue I synned agaynste the onely/ for I haue made a creature my god. So haue I cast the away and haue ben iniurious onely to the.

For I haue not offended agaynst any creature in that I haue set my trust and cõfidence in it. For it was not commaunded me that I shulde loue any creature for it selfe. If thou haddest commaunded me that I shulde haue loued an Aungell onely for hym selfe/ & had loued many for them selues/then no doubt I had offended agaynst the aungell. But syth that thou onely arte to be loued for thy selfe (that is say/without anye respecte other of good or euyll) and euery creature is to be loued in the/ & for thy sake. Therfore haue I surely offended onely agaynste the/ for I haue loued a creature for it selfe. ¶ But yet haue I done worse/ for I haue synned euen in thy syght. I was not ashamed to synne before thy face. O mercyfull god/ howe many synnes haue I done before thy syght/which I wolde in nowyse haue done before mortall men (yea) that I wolde not in any case that men shulde knowe/ I feared men more then the. For I was blynde and loued blyndnesse/ and so dyd I neyther se nor ones consyder the. I had onely fleshely eyes/ therfore dyd I onely feare and loke on men which are fleshe. But thou lokeste on all my synnes and nombred them. Therfore I can neyther hyde them from the/ neyther turne my backe and flee from thy face. ¶ whyther shall I go from thy spirytc/ and whyther shall I flee frõ thy face? what shall I then do? whyther shall

J turne me? whome shall J fynde to be my de-
fender? whome J pray you / but the my god?
whoo is so good? who is so gentle? who is so
mercyfull? for thou passest without compary-
son all creatures in gentylnes. J t is one of
thy chefest propertyes to forgyue and be mer-
cyfull / for through mercy & forgyuenes / thou
doest most declare thy almyghtynes. J graunt
lorde that J haue offended onely agaynst the /
& haue done that whiche is euyll in thy syght.
Haue mercye therfore on me and erpresse thy
puysaunce in me / that thou mayst be iustyfied
in thy wordes: thou hast sayd that thou camest
not to cal the ryghtwyse / but synners vnto re
pentaunce. J ustyfye me lorde accordyng to
thy wordes / call me reteyne me / and gyue me
grace to do true workes of repentaunce.
For this cause wast thou crucyfyed / ded / and
buryed. Thou saydest also. J ohñ. iii. chappter.
when J am lyfted vp from the earth / J wyll
drawe all vnto my selfe. Verely thy wordes
drawe me after the. Let vs ronne togyther in
the swetnes of thy oyntmentes. Besydes that
thou saydest. Mathewe xi. Chappter.
Come vnto me al ye that labour and are laden
and J wyll ease you. Loo / J come vnto the /
laden with synnes: labouryngc daye & nyght
in the sorowe of my herte / refreshe and ease
me lorde / that thou mayst be iustyfied & proued
true in thy wordes / and mayst ouercome when

thou arte iudged/ for there are many that say he shall haue no socour of his god / god hathe forsaken hym. Ouercome lorde these persons when thou arte thus iudged of them/ and forsake me not at any tyme.

Gyue me thy mercy and holsome socour / and then are they vanquysshed.

¶ They saye that thou wylte haue no mercy on me/ and that thou wylt cast me cleane out of thy fauoure/ and nomore receyue me.

Thus arte thou iudged of men / and thus do men speake of the / and these are theyr determynacyons / but thou whiche arte meke and mercyfull haue mercye on me / and ouercome theyr iudgementes / shewe thy mercy on me & let thy godly pyte be prayfed in me. Make me a vessell of thy mercy/ that thou mayst be iustifyed in thy wordes/ & haue the victory when men do iudge the / for men do iudge the to be fearce and inflyxyble.

Ouercome theyr iudgemente with mekenesse & beneuolence/ so that men may lerne to haue compassyon on synners / & that malefactours maye be enflamed vnto repentaunce / seynge in me thy pyte and mercy.

Lo/ I was begotten in wyckednes: and my mother conceyued me poluted with synne.

¶ Beholde not Lorde the greuousnesse of my synnes / consyder not the multytude/ but loke mercyfully on me whiche am thy creature.

Remembre that I am dust/and that all flesshe
is as wythered haye/ for lo I am falshoned in
wyckednesse/ and in synne hathe my Mother
conceyued me. My naturall mother (I say)
hathe conceyued me of concupyscence. And in
her am I poluted with originall synne. what
is originall synne? but the lacke of originall
iustyce / and of the ryght and pure innocency
whiche man hadde at his creacyon/ therfore a
man conceyued & borne in suche synne is hole
croked and out of frame. The flesshe coueteth
agaynste the spiryte. Reason is sclender/ that
wyll is weyke/man is frayle and lyke vanite/
his wyttes dysceyue hym / his ymagynacyon
fayleth hym/his ignorannce leadeth hym out
of thy ryght waye/ and he hath infinyte impe
dymentes which plucke hym from goodnesse
and dryue hym in to euyll. Therfore originall
synne is the roote of all synnes and the nurse
of all wyckednes: for albeit that in euery man
of theyr owne nature it is but one synne/ yet
in power it is all synnes. Thou seest therfore
lorde what I am/for in originall synne (which
conteyneth all synnes and iniquytes in it) am
I falshoned/ and in it hath my mother concey
ued me: syth then I am hollye in synnes/and
enuironed with snares on euery syde. Howe
shall I escape? for what I wolde do/that do I
not: but the euyll that I wolde not do / that
do I. For I fynde an other lawe in my

membres rebellynge agaynste the lawe of my mynde / and subduynge me vnto the lawe of synne and deathe. Therfore the more frayle and entangled thy godlye benevolence seethe me / so mocke the more let it lyfte vp and comforte me. who wolde not pyte one that is sycke? who wolde not haue cõpassyon on hym that is dyseased? Come / come / swete Samarytane / and take vp the wounded & halfe dead: cure my woundes / powre in wyne and Oyle / set me vpon thy beaste / bringe me in to the hostry / commyt me vnto the host / take out pence and say to hym. whatsoeuer thou spendeste aboue this / when I come agayne I wyll recompence the.

Lo / thou haste loued truthe: the vnknowen and secrete thynges of thy wysdom hast thou vttered vnto me.

¶ Come moost swete Samarytane / beholde / for thou hast loued truthe / the truthe (I say) of thy promyses whiche thou haste made vnto mankynde / them haste thou truely loued / for thou hast made & kepte them / so that thy loue is nothynge elles but euen to do good: for in thy selfe thou art inuaryable and immutable / thou vsest not now to loue & anon not to loue (as men do) neyther dothe thy loue so come & go. But thou art suche a louer as doth neuer chaunge / for thy loue is very god. Thy loue therfore wherwith thou louest a creature / is

to do good / and whome thou mooſt loueſt / to
them art thou mooſt benefycyall. Therfore
what meaneth that thou loueſte truely / but
that of thy gracyous mercye thou makeſte vs
promyſes and fulfylleſt them for thy truthes
ſake. Thou dydeſt promyſe vnto Habraham
a ſone when he was aged / thou fulfylled thy
promyſe in olde and bareyn Sara / bycauſe
thou dydeſt loue truthe. Thou promyſed vnto
the Chyldren of Iſraell a lande that flowed
with mylke and honye / and at the laſte dydeſt
gyue it them for thy truthes ſake.

Thou madeſt a promyſe to Dauid / ſaynge.
I ſhall ſet vp thy ſeate regal one of the fruyte
of thy bodye / & it came euen to paſſe / bycauſe
thou woldeſt be founde true. There are other
innumerable promyſes in whiche thou haſte
euen ben faythfull bycauſe thou loued trueth.
Thou haſt promyſed to ſynners which wyl come
vnto the forgyuenes & fauour / and thou haſte
neuer defrauded man / for thou haſte loued
truthe. That vnthryfte ſone. (Luke xv.) that
toke his iourney into a farre countre & waſted
all his goodes with ryotouſe lyuynge / when
he came to hym ſelfe / he retourned vnto the
fayncr. Father I haue ſynned agaynſt heuen
and before the nowe am I not worthy to be
called thy ſone / make me one of thy hyred ſer-
uauntes. when he was yet a great way off /
thou dydeſt ſe hym and haddeſt compaſſion on

hym/ and dyd ronne vnto hym/ fallynge vpō
his necke and kyssynge hym/thou broughtest
forth thy best garment and puttest a ryng on
his fynger and shoes on his fete. Thou kylled
a fatte calfe / and madeste all thy house mery /
sayenge/ let vs eate and be mery/ for this my
sone was deade and is alyue agayne / he was
lost and nowe is founde.

why dyddest thou all these lorde god? surely
bycause thou loued truthe.

Loue therfore(o father of mercyes) this truth
in me / whiche retourne vnto the from a farre
countre / ronne towardes me/ and gyue me a
kysse of thy mouth/gyue me those chyefe gar-
mentes / drawe me in to thy house / kyll that
fatte calfe / that all whiche truste in the maye
reioyse in me/ and let vs eate togyther in spy-
rytuall feastes.

Oh lorde wylte thou excludē me alone/& wylte
thou not kepe thy truethe vnto me? yf thou
shuldē loke narowlye on oure wyckednesse (O
lorde) lorde / who myght abyde the?

But lorde/thou wylt not be so straynge vnto vs
for thou louest truthe. yea/ and that with a
feruent and incomprehensyble loue

whiche is the truethe that thou so louest?
is it not thy sone that sayd Johñ xiiij.chappt.
I am the way/truth/and lyfe. He is the very
truthe of whome all truth is named in heuen

and in earth/that it is that thou hast loued: in it onely haste thou delyted / for thou dydst fynde it pure and without spotte/and wouldest that it shulde dye for synnes. Kepe therfore (O god) this trueth. Beholde I am a great synner in whom thou mayst kepe it: to whom thou mayst forgyue many synnes whome thou mayst puryfye in the bloode of thy chryste/and whome thou mayste redeme throughe his passyon. why (oh lorde) hast thou gyuen me this knowledge of thy sone & this fayth of hym? bycause I shulde se my redemptyon and not to attayne it / that I myghte by that meanes be more vexed with sorowe. God forbyd. But rather that I maye perceyue the remyssyon of my synnes purchased by chrystes bloode/ and so by his grace I may optayne it.

Pourge therfore and redeme me (oh lorde) for thou haste vttered vnto me/ the knowen and secrete poyntes of thy wysdome / that this knowledge may helpe me and brynge me vnto healthe/for truely the Phylosophers neuer knewe these thynges / they were vnknowen to them: yea / and vtterly hydde from them. And no man knewe these thynges (except a fewe whome thou dydst loue entyerely) before thy sones incarnacyon.

¶ The moost curyous serchers of the worlde/ I meane the wyse men of this worlde / lyfted vp theyr eyes aboue heuen and yet coulde not

synde this thy wysdome / for thou haste hydde these thynges from the wyse and prudent and hast opened them to babes (that is) to humble fysshers and thy holy prophettes / whiche also haue vttered them vnto vs. And so hast thou vttered the vnknowen and secret thynges of thy wysdome and of thy scryptures vnto me. why do I knowe them in vayne? I knowe them surely in vayne / yf they profet me not to my health and saluacyon. For these Phylosophers when they knewe god by his marueloufe creatures they glorified hym not as god neyther were thankfull / but vexed full of vanytes in theyr ymagynacyons & theyr folysshe hertes were blynded. when they coũted them selues wyse / they became foles. wylte thou suffer me (Lorde) to be of theyr nombre? God forbyd. For thou arte euen mercy it selfe. whiche dothe neuer vtterly forsake any man. Fauour therfore lorde / fauoure and spare thy seruaunte / and commaunde hym to be of the nombre of thy babes / that the vnknowen secretes of thy wysdome (whiche thou haste opened to hym) maye leade hym vnto the fountayne of wysdome which is on hye / that thou mayst be praysed in the workes of thy mercy / whiche thou doeste exersyce towardes thy seruaunte (Lorde) whiche neuer forsakeste them that truste in the.

Spryncle me lorde with Isope / and so shall I

be cleane: thou shalt washe me/and then shall
I be whyter then snowe.
¶ Wycause lorde that thou hast loued truely
and haste opened vnto me the vnknowen se-
cretes of thy wysdome / I am well conforted/
and I trust that thou wylt not cast me out of
thy fauoure / but thou wylt sprynckle me with
I hope and so shall I be clensed. I hope is a
lowe herbe / it is hote and of a good sauoure
whiche sygnifieth nothynge elles but thy one
lye sone oure lorde Iesus Chryste which hum-
bled hym selfe vnto deathe euen the deathe of
the crosse. whiche with the heathe of his
faruente charyte loued vs / and washedde vs
from our synnes in his blode. which with the
redolent sauoure of his benenolence & rygh-
tuousnesse replenysshed the hole worlde.
Therfore with this I hope shalt thou sprynckle
me/ when thou doest powre vpon me the ver-
tue of his precious blode when chryst through
fayth shall dwell in me/when through loue I
am ioyned with hym/when I shal counterfayte
his humylyte & passyon/ then shal I be clensed
from al my vncleñesse. Then shalt thou washe
me with myn owne teares which flowe out of
the loue of chryste/then I shal sygh vntyl I be
werp. I shal water my bedde euery nyght with
my teares/so that it shall swymme in them/ &
then shalt thou washe me & I shal be whyter
then snowe. Snowe is whyte and colde / but

lorde yf thou spryncle me with Isope/ then I shall be more whytter then snowe/ for I shall be throughly endued with thy splēdent lyght whiche passeth all bodyly wytnesse.
And when I am enflamed with the lyghte/ I shall forsake all carnall concupyscences/ colde vnto worldly thynges/and be enflamed vnto heuenly thynges.
Vnto my hearynge shalt thou gyue ioye and gladnes: & my brused bones shalbe refresshed.
¶ Then lorde shall I pray vnto the early(that is in the begynnynge of the lyghte)shalt thou heare my voyce. And I shall heare what the lorde god shall speake in me:for he shall speake peace for his people and shall gyue me peace.
Lorde / thou shalte gyue me peace / for I haue trusted in the: vnto my hearynge shalte thou gyue ioye and gladnesse / when I shall heare those confortable wordes that Mary herde.
And what harde Marye? (I speake of that Mary which satte at the feete of Iesu. Math xxvj. Chapyter. what herde she? Thy faythe hath saued the/ go thy wayes in peace.
Let me heare also that the thefe herde. This day thou shalt be with me in Paradyse / then shall I haue ioye with gladnes/for thy bounteouse and lyberall promyses. Shall I not reioyse and be gladde when thou shalte gyue me twofolde for all my synnes. Than shall I begyn to taste howe swete the lorde is/

Then shall I lerne to be conuersaũt in heuenlye thynges/ and shall say with the Prophet. Howe great and howe copyouse is that swetnesse lorde whiche thou hast layde vp for them that feare the.

Then shall I reioyse and be glad/ and my brused bones shall be refresshed. what are the bones whiche susteyne the flesshe? but the powers of our soule and reason that beare vppe the fraylte of our flesshe: that it ronne not hed longe in to all vices / that a man fall not hole in to vanyte and so consume away

These bones I say are sore bruised/for the reason is very weake / and the wyll is prone and redy to all myscheyf/ for euen nowe the flesshe obeyeth not reason/but reason muste obey the flesshe / so that I can not resyste vyce: for my bones are bruised. And why are they bruised? for they haue forsaken the / the fountayne of lyuynge water / & haue dygged for thẽ selues cesternes which are full of chynnes which can holde no waters / for they are not fylled with thy grace without which no man cã lyue well: without the we can do nothynge: they trusted in theyr owne power which is no power: therfore deraged they in theyr owne folysshenesse. Therfore let thy power come (oh lorde) & then shall these bruised bones be refresshed / let thy grace come / and that fayth whiche worketh thorow loue: let thy power & gyftes assyst me:

& then my bruled bones shall be refreshed/for my reason shall be mercy/my memory glad/& my wyll full of ioye. And thus shall they all reioyse/for aboue theyr owne naturall strength when they go aboute any good worke they shall procede and prospere well/neyther shall they leue it vnparfyte/but through thy helpe shall they bringe it to good passe and effecte. Tourne thy face from my synnes and wype away all my wyckednesse.

Cwhy lokest thou lord vpon my synnes? why nombrest thou them? why consyderest thou them so dilygently? wost thou not know that man is euen as a floure in the felde? why west thou not rather loke in the face of thy Chryst? Alas wretche that I am. why se I the angry agaynst me? I graut I haue synned/howbeit for thy gentylnesse haue mercy on me. Turne thy face from my synnes. Thy face is nothyng but thy knowlege/tourne away therfore thy knowlege from my synnes. I meane not that knowlege wherwith thou seest and perceyuest all thynges/but that wherby thou approuest and disalowest all thynges/wherby thou alowest the workes of the ryghtwyse and condempnest the reprouable synnes of the wicked now not my synnes on that maner that thou woldest imputc them vnto me/and laye them to my charge. But rather turne away thy face from my synnes/that throughe thy mercy they

may be quenched. Loke lorde on the creature whome thou haſt wrought / loke vpon thyne owne ymage / for I poore wretche haue put vpon me the ymage of the deuyl (that is ſyne) turne away thy face fro the ymage of the deuil & be not angry with me / & beholde thyne owne ymage that thou mayſt haue merry on me.

O mercyfull lorde / remembre that thou lokedeſt vpon zacheum which dyd clymbe vp into a wylde bygge tre to ſe the. Lu. xix. And thou entredeſt in to his houſe whiche thou wolde neuer haue done yf thou haddeſt loked on the ymage of the deuyl which he had put on hym / but bycauſe thou ſaweſt thyne owne ymage on hym / thou haddeſt compaſſyon on hym and healedeſt hym. He promyſed to gyue the half of his goodes to the poore / and yf he had falſly deſceyued any man / to reſtore it foure folde / and he optayned mercye and healthe.

And I beqweth my ſelf euen hole vnto the no thynge reſerued. And promyſe to ſerue the for euer with a pure herte / and wyll fulfyl my promyſe all dayes of my lyfe / wherfore then lorde weſt thou not loke in thyne ymage in me alſo? why weſt thou yet conſyder my ſynnes? Turne I beſeche the thy face fro my ſynnes / and wype away all my wyckednelle / wype awaye all I praye the that none remayne. For it is wrytten. He that kepeth the hole lawe and offendeth in one poynt is gylty in the hole

that is to saye / hathe deserued dampnacyon/ whyche is the payne of all synnes that leade vnto death. Put out therfore all my wyckednesse / that none offende the / whyche shulde bringe me to condempnacyon.

A pure herte create in me/oh god/and an vpryght spirite make a newe within me.

For myne herte hath forsaken me/& goeth astray vterly forgetynge his owne healthy / it is wandred in to straūge coūtres and ensuethe vanytes/and his eyes are in the vtmost costes of the worlde. I cal it agayne/but it answered me not. It is gone/lost/and lode vnder synne. what now lorde/what shall I say? A pure hert create in me god/an humble herte/a curteous herte/a peasyble herte / a gentyll herte / a deuoute herte/suche an herte as wyll neyther do another man hurte/ neyther yet auenge hym selfe when he is offended/but rather do good agaynst euyll/and suche an herte as wyl loue the aboue al thyng/which wyll thynke on the spede of the and thanke the.which wyll delyte in hympnes and spirytuall songes / & be hole conuersaūt in heauenly thynges. Create this hert in me(oh god)create it of nothynge/that it myght be of suche efficacyte through grace: as nature is neuer able to make it.

This grace cometh only frō the in to the soule through thy creacion/it is the beuty of a pure hert/it drawethe vnto hym al vtue/& expelleth

all wyte/therfore create in me/oh god/a pure herte/throughe thy grace/and make a newe and vpryght spiryte in my bowelles.

¶ For thy spiryte shall leade me in to a ryght way/whiche shall purge me from all earthly affectes and shall lyfte me vp vnto heauenly thynges. The louer and the thynge that is loued are bothe of one nature. He that loueth bodily thynges is worldely/but he that loueth spirytuall thynges is spirytuall. Gyue me a spiryte that maye loue the/and worshyp the/ mooste hyghe spiryte/for god is a spiryte/and they whiche worshyp hym/muste worshyp hym in the spiryte & veryte. Gyue me an vpryght spiryte/not sekynge his owne spiryte/profyte and glorye/but the wyll and glory of god/renewe an vpryght spiryte within me/renewe it/for my synnes haue quenched the fyrst that thou gauest me. Gyue me now a newe spiryte that it may redresse that thynge which is inueterate/my soule also is all spiryte & so made of the that of her selfe she is ryght/for of her owne nature she loueth the aboue her selfe/ and desyreth all thynges for thy glory/so that her owne naturall loue is ryght/for it cõmeth of the/but of her owne frowarde wyll is inueterate and poluted/causyng her natural loue to decay. Make new therfore this spiryte and his loue through thy grace that it may walke in the ryght waye accordynge to his nature/

renewe it (J say) that it may euer enflame me with heauenly loue/that it may euer cause me to sygh vnto the embrace the contynually/& neuer to forsake the.
Caste me not away from thy face/& thy holy ghost take not from me.
Behold lorde J stande before thy face that J may fynd mercy: J stand before thy benygne goodnesse lokynge for thy fauourable answer cast me not confused from thy face. who came euer lorde vnto the and went away confused? who euer desyred thy fauoure and went without it. Surely thou passest in thy habundaut petye/both the deseruynges and also the desyres of them that praye vnto the/for thou gyuest more then men can desyre/yea/or vnderstande when they haue it. J t was neuer herde that thou dydest cast awaye from thy face any man that euer came vnto the. Shal J oh lorde be the fyrste that shall be caste awaye from thy face and vtterly confounded. wylt thou begyn at me to confounde them that come vnto the? wylte thou neuer more haue mercy and compassyon? god forbyd. The woman of Canane folowed the/she cryed and made pityous noyse she moued thy disciples vnto compassyon/& thou heldest thy peace/she cõtynued knockyng she worshypped the and sayd. Lorde helpe me/neyther yet wouldest thou answere. Thy disciples entreated for her sayenge. Let her go for

she cryth after vs. But what was thy answer
lorde I pray the/what dydest thou answere/for
sothe that she wept in vayne and laboured for
nought/for thou saydest that thou waste not
sent but vnto the shepe that were perysshed of
the house of Israel. what wolde this woman
do when she herde these wordes? Verily euen
dyspayre/as concernyng the grace that she re-
quyred/& yet dyspayred she not/but trustynge
in thy merry/prayed yet agayne sayeng. Lorde
helpe me/vnto whose importunite(lorde)thou
answeredest/it is not good to take the chyl-
drens breade and cast it to hoūdes/as though
thou shuldest haue gyuen her a full answere/&
sayd. Departe from me/you Canaanites are
dogges/ye are ydolaters/the precyous gyftes
of heauenly fauour pertayne not vnto you I
ought not to take them away from the iewes
whiche worshyp the trewe and lyuynge god/
and to gyue them to suche dogges as ye are/
whiche worshyppe ydolles and deuylles. what
shalte thou now do thou woman of Canaan?
thou mayst now be ashamed & get the awaye/
for the lorde is angry not with the alone/but
also thy hole nacyon. Oh lorde god/who wolde
not haue ben confounded and haue pyked
hym awaye at these thy wordes? who wolde
not haue mumbled and grudged agaynst the?
who wolde not haue iudged the to be cruell.
And yet dydde this woman contynue styll in

prayer. She caste not awaye her confydence/ she toke not these harde wordes heuylye / she was not angry / but she humbled her selfe the more/and abode styll in her peticyon and sayd with good fyaūce. It is trueth lorde that thou sayest/but I aske no breade. I aske not the fauour that the chyldren shulde haue. I am a lytell whelpe / and desyre the crommes whiche fall from the chyldrens table. Let them flouryshe and abounde with myracles and other gracious fauoures/but let not me be destitute of this crōme of grace/that my doughter may be deliuered from the fendes possession/for the whelpes doo eate of the crommes whiche fall from theyr maysters tables. Beholde what fayth / what truste/ and what humylyte was in this woman? therfore thou not displeased with her importunate instaūce/ but reioysyng in her excellent constancye dyddest say.

O woman greate is thy faythe / be it vnto the as thou wylte. why are these thynges wrytten lorde god? that we may serue to truste in the / that we maye humbly and deuoutely contynewe in prayer / for thou wylte gyue it yf men be gredye. But the kyngdome of heuen suffereth vyolence / and they that make vyolence vnto it catche it. For what thynges soeuer are wrytten/are wrytten for oure lernynge/that throughe patyence and comforte of the scryptures we maye haue hope.

Cast me not therfore lord from thy face/which
stande weppynge and waylynge day and nyght
before thy face/not that thou shuldest delyuer
me from the bodily oppressyon of deuyls / but
that thou wylte delyuer my soule from his spy
rytuall power and dominion. Let me not be sha
med (oh swete Jesu) for in the onely haue J
trusted. J haue no helth nor comforte but in
the/ oh lorde / for all haue forsaken me/ euen
my brethrene and chyldren haue caste me of/
and myne owne bowelles abhorre me. J haue
none other helper but onely the. Caste me not
therfore away from thy face/and take not thy
holy spirryte fro me. There is no man whiche
can saye that Jesu is the lorde / but the holy
ghoste/yf J be sory for my synnes whiche are
passed/yf J aske forgyuenesse/this do J verily
by the holy ghost. Therfore J beseche the take
not fro me the holy ghoste/but that it may be
with me/and labour with me/ for we wot not
what to desyre as we ought to do. But the spi
rryte helpeth our infyrmytes and maketh in
tercessyon for vs/that is/maketh vs to praye
with suche sorowful gronynges as can not be
expressed with tonge/therfore take not away
this thy holy spirite fro me/that he may teach
me to pray/and helpe me in my labour / and
may cause me to contynue in prayers & teres/
that at the length J may fynde fauoure befor
thy face/& may serue the all dayes of my lyfe.

Make me agayne to reioyce in thy sauynge
healthe: and strengthen me with a princypall
spirite.

¶ It is a great thynge that I desyre (o lorde)
howbeit seynge thou arte god a great Lorde /
a kynge ouer all goddes / he dothe the iniurye
which asketh small thynges of the. All tran-
sytory and corruptyble thynges are but small
in thy syght / but spirytuall and euerlastynge
thynges are great and precyous. Take away
the spirite and soule from the body / and what
remayneth? but moost vyle donge / dulle / and
a vayne shadowe. Therfore so moch difference
is there betwene the spirite and the body / as
it is betwene the bodye and his shadowe. So
may I conclude that he which asketh bodyly
thinges asketh but vayne trifles / but he that
desyreth spirytuall thynges / doth surely desyre
great thynges / and specyally he that desyreth
thy sauyng helth. what is thy sauyng healthe
but thy sone Iesus whiche is very god & euer-
lastynge lyfe. why shall I not then aske of the
this my sauyour? seyng thou arte a myghty &
moost lyberall father which gauest hym vnto
the death of the crosse for me. Now seyng thou
haste so offered hym for me / why shulde I be a-
shamed to aske hym of the? It is a great and
noble present / neyther am I worthy to haue
suche a gyfte. Howbeit / it becometh thy wor-
thy lyberalyte to gyue suche noble gyftes / for

this therfore thyn ineffable gentylnes I dare presume to come boldlye to the/ & to desyre thy sauyng helth in whom I myght fully reioyse. ¶ For yf any sone aske flesshe of his carnall father/ wyll he reache hym a serpent? And yf he aske an egge/ wyl he gyue hym a scorpyon? or yf he aske breade wyll he gyue hym a stone? Nowe/ yf carnall Fathers beynge cuyll and synners/ wyll gyue vnto theyr clyldren good gyftes which they haue receyued of the? how mochе more thou heuenlye Father whichе of thyn owne substaunce arte good/ and wylte gyue a good spiryte to them that desyre it of the? Beholde thy sone which is returned from a farre countre sorowynge and repentynge/ & asketh of the/ the fysshe of faythe: for as the fysshe lyeth secrete vnder the water/ euen soo is faythe of suchе thynges as are not sene: he asketh I saye true faythe that he may reioyse in thy sauynge healthe wylte thou reache hym a serpent? wylte thou gyue hym the venome of vnfaythfulnes/ whichе procedeth from the olde and croked serpent the deuyll. I desyre of the (o lorde) the egge of hope/ that euen as out of an egge we hope for a chycken/ so through hope that thou wylt graunt me to come vnto the syght of thy sauynge healthe/ that out of my hope may come this holsome syght as the chycken dothe oute of the egge.

I desyre the egge of Hope/ that my Soule

througe hope maye be susteyned in this vayle of teares/& may reioyse in thy sauyng health: wylte thou gyue me the Scorpyon of dyspera cyon? That as a Scorpyon hath poyson in the ende of her tayle/so I in the laste ende of my lyfe shulde reserue synne/ delytyng my selfe and takyng my pleasure with the entysemen: tes of this worlde which seme beautyfull and flateryngе euen as a Scorpyon dothe in the face. I desyre of the also (oh lorde) the breade of Chrystes charyte by the whiche he dothe com: munycate hym selfe euen as breade vnto all men/that I maye euer reioyse in thy sauynge healthe. wylte thou gyue me a stone? that is to saye/hardnesse of herte. God forbyd. why shall I then mystruste for to desyre and obteyne great thynges of the (o lorde) seynge thou styreste me vppe and byddest me aske and knocke euen vntyll I seme importunate.

And what thynge can I aske whiche thou wylte be better content withall/or elles that shulde be more holsome for me/then that thou shuldeste make me reioyse in thy Sone our sa: uynge healthe.

¶ Nowe haue I tasted howe swete the Lorde is/howe easye and howe pleasaunte his bur: then is? Nowe I remembre what peace and tranquylyte of mynde I was in/when I ioyed in God/and reioysed in Iesus Chryste my lord and sauyour. And therfore am I now

in moze ſozowe/foz I knowe what goodneſſe and commodyte I haue loſte/ therfoze wyll I crye moze importunately. Make me agayne to reioyſe in thy ſaupnge heaithe. Reſtoze me agayne that thynge whiche my ſynnes haue loſte/reſtore that whiche thzough my faute is perylhed in me. Reſtoze me I beſech the foz his ſake that is euer on thy rpght hande and maketh intercellion foz vs/thy gracious fauour: that I may perceyue that thzough hym thou arte pacyfyed towardes me / that it may be as a ſcale vpon my herte: & that I may ſaye with the apoſtell ſaynt Paule. Galath. ij. chapt. I am crucyfyed with Chzyſte / I lyue verely/ Yet nowe not I/but chzyſte lyueth in me. But bycauſe my fraylte is great/ ſtrengthe me with a pzyncypall ſpirpte/that no troubles oz affliccyons may ſeperate me from chzyſt/that no feare may cauſe me to denye the:and that no paynes may make me to flyde from the. My ſtrengthe is not ſuffycyente to reſyſte and fyght with that olde ſerpent/ and to pzeuayle agaynſte hym. Peter hath taught me how great our infyrmyte is/he ſawe the with his bodylye eyes(lozde Ieſu) and was mooſte familyer conuerſaunt with the. He calle of thy glozye in the mountayne when thou waſt tranſfygured / he herde thy fathers voyce / he ſawe thy manyfolde & wonderous wozkes: yea and thzough thy power dyd hym ſelfe manye

myracles. He walked on his feete vpon the waters/and herde daylye thy mygthty & swete wordes / he thought hym selfe moost feruent and hote in the fayth / and sayde that he was redy to go with the bothe vnto prison & vnto very death. And when thou toldest hym that he shulde deny the/ he bylcued the not: he trusted in his owne strength/ and trusted more to hym selfe beynge but a man/then vnto the beynge very god. But when the handmayden sayde vnto hym. Thou arte of the same company/ he was afrayde by and by & denyed it. There came an other mayde and sayde. Surely thou arte of the same folke. And he denyed it agayne He coude not stande before women/ how shulde he then haue stande before kynges and tyraunres? And when he was yet ones more inquyred of them that stode by/ and was accused to be one of his dyscyples/ he began to curse and to sweare that he knewe the not. what thynke ye he sayde? I suppose that he sware by god and by the lawe of Moses that he knewe the not/ addynge suche wordes. Thynke you that I am the dyscyple of this Samarytane/ whiche dyscepueth the people: which is enspyred with the deuyll / & dystroyeth our lawe. I am the dyscyple of Moyses/ and knowe not from whence this felowe is. Blessed be God that they ceased enquyrynge any further / for elles wolde he neuer haue

cealed denyenge the/ so that a thousande interrogacyons shulde haue made a thousande flatte negacyons: Yea/ a thousande curses and periures. Yet were these interrogacyons but wordes. what wolde he haue done I pray you yf they had scourged hym and buffetted hym well? Truely he wolde haue sought & proued all meanes/denyenge/forswearynge/ cursyng and blasphemynge vntyll that he had escaped theyr handes. But thou moste meke lorde loked backe vpon hym / and by & by he knowleged his offence. Neyther yet durste he leape into the myddes of them and confesse the to be the sone of god: for he was not yet strengthed with power frō aboue/so that without doubte he wolde haue denyed the agayne / yf he hadde sene any iopardye at hande. Therfore as it was moste mete for hym / he went forth and wept bytterly. But thou after thy resurrecyō appeared vnto hym and conforted hym / and yet hyd he hym selfe for feare of the Jues / he sawe the so gloryouse ascendynge vnto heuen and was strengthed by that syght and cōfort of aungelles and yet durste he not go abrode / for he had lerned by experyence to knowe his owne fragylyte/ & had proued his wekenesse. Therfore dyd he tary and wayte for the holye ghoste whiche was promysed.

¶ when he was come and had fylled Peters herte with grace/then stepte he forth/then he

began to speake. And then with great power and sygnes he bare wytnes of thy resurreyon. Then feared he neyther the hye preestes neyther yet kynges / but reioysed in trybulacyon and receyued the Crosse with all myrthe and gladnesse. Therfore strengthen me lorde with a pryncypall spiryte that I maye contynually reioyse in thy sauynge health/or elles can not I beare so many assautes agaynste me.
The flesshe coueyteth contrary to the spiryte.
The worlde assayleth me on euery syde.
The Deuyll slepeth not.
¶ Gyue me the strengthe of the spiryte that there may fall by my syde a thousande/and ten thousande by my ryght hande/that I maye be sure & strong wytnes of thy fayth. For if peter whom thou endued with so many fauourable gyftes dyd fall so wretchedly. what shulde I do (lorde) whiche haue neyther sene thy naturall presence? neyther talked of thy Glorye in the mountayne / neyther haue I sene thy gracyons myracles. Yea: and haue scarsly perceyued thy merualous workes and haue neuer herde thy voyce / but haue euer ben subdued vnder synne/ therfore strength me with a pryncypal spiryte that I maye persener in thy seruyce/ & gyue me lyfe for thy sake.
I wyll instructe the wycked that they may knowe thy wayes: and the vngodly shalbe conuerted vnto the.

¶ Alcrybe not this (oh lorde) vnto presumpty
on/ yf I go aboute to teache the vngodly thy
wayes / for I desyre not to teache theym as I
nowe am wycked/vngodly & vnder the bondes
of synne / but yf thou make me agayne to re-
ioyse in thy sauinge helth. yf thou strengthen
me with a pryncyppall spiryte / and yf thou set
me fre / then shall I teache the vngodlye thy
wayes. Neyther is there herde vnto the
whiche of very stones canst rayse vp chyldren
vnto Habraham / neyther can my synnes be
impedyment vnto the yf thou wylte do this /
but rather where synne is so aboudant / there
aboundeth grace. Paule yet brethynge out
threatnynges and slaughter agaynste the dys-
cyples of the lorde receyued commyssyon / that
yf he founde any / whether they were men or
women whiche folowed the and professed thy
fayth / he shulde brynge them prysoners vnto
Jerusalem. And he was goynge forth lyke a
madde harebrayne and as a rauenynge wolfe
for to stray abrode / rauyshe and kyll thy shepe.

But whyles he was yet in his iourney euen
in the heate of his persecucyon and in actuall
wynge of his synne / whyles he was persecu-
tynge the and wolde haue slayne thy chosen /
hauyng no maner of preparatiue vnto grace /
neyther yet knowledge of his synne. when
with herte and wyll he was thyrst aduersarye /
blasphemed and cursed the.

beholde the voyce of thy mercyable pyte vnto hym/sayeng.Saule Saule/why persecutest thou me?by the whiche voyce he was immediately bothe layde alonge and rayled vp/he was layde alonge and ouerthrowen as concernynge his bodye/but he was rayled vp with the mynde/thou rayledest hym vp that was in the slepe of ygnoraunce/and powredest in thy glorious lyght in those eyes whiche were oppressed with this blynde slepe/thou shewedest hym thy fauourable face & endewed hym with thy gracyous mercy.Then was he rayled as it had ben from deathe/he opened his eyes/he sawe the/and sayd/lorde what wylt thou that I do?and after dydest thou sende a shepe to this wolfe/for thou cõmaundest Ananias to go vnto hym.And then was he baptysed/and anone was he replenysshed with the holy ghost/and was made a chosen vessell to bere thy name before kynges/nacyons and the chyldren of Israel.And without delay he entred in to the synagoges and preached thy name stoutly/affermynge that thou arte Chryste.He disputed prevayled/and confoūded the Jewes.Beholde lorde euen streyght of a persecutour/thou madest hym a preacher/and suche a preacher that laboured more then all the other apostles.
O how gracyous is thy power/yf thou wylte of a wycked man make a ryghtwyse/or of a persecutour/a preacher?who shal forbyd the/

who shall resyst the? who maye saye vnto the
why west thou so? All thynges that thou wol
dest haue/thou made in heuen and in earth/i
the see/and in all bothomlesse depthe. Ther
fore impute it not to arrogancye yf I coucy
thrroughe thy power and not thrroughe myn
owne to teache the wycked thy wayes/for I
knowe that I can offre nothynge whiche ca
be so acceptable in thy godly syght/this is th
mooste pleasaūt sacrifyce/and also for my syn
guler profyte/now yf thou chaunge me into a
nother man/then wyll I teache the wycked
thy wayes/not the wayes of Plato and Arys
totle not the intrycate and subtyl prepolicyōs
of mannes wytte/nat the instructyons of phy
losophy/not the paynted wordes and vayne
colours of the Rethoricans/not worldly mat
ters and polycyes/not vnfruytfull wayes of
vanyte/not wayes that leade men in to deathe
But thy wayes and thy preceptes which leade
vnto lyfe/neyther wyll I teache theym onely
one waye/but many wayes/for many are thy
commaundementes/howbeit all these wayes
ende in one/that is in loue and charyte/which
doth so combyne the faythful hertes/that thei
haue one mynde and one wyll in god. Or elles
may we vnderstande by thy many wayes/the
dyuers maner of lyuynge/wherin euery man
walketh accordynge to his vocacyon/some
maryed/some lyuyng chaste in wydowhod/som

yrgyns/and so forth/ these walke after dy-
ers wayes in to theyr heauenly inherytance
uery man chusyng one/in the whiche he may
est subdue his rebellyous mẽbres. Thus wyl
I teache the wycked thy wayes accordynge to
theyr capacyte and condicyon. And the vngod
y shal be conuerted vnto the/for I wyl preach
nto them/not my selfe/but Chryste crucifyed
nd they shal be conuerted not vnto my praise
ut vnto the/gyuyng the al honour & prayse/
they shall leaue theyr owne wayes and come
nto thyne/that they maye walke in the/and
o consequently attayne vnto the.
O elyuer me from blodes (oh god) the god of
my healthe / and my tongue shall tryumphe
vpon thy ryghtwysnesse.
¶ I am styfled in moche blode /and from the
depth of it shal I crye vnto the lorde/lorde her-
ken vnto my voyce. Tary not lorde for I am
euen at the very poynt of death:this blode that
I speake of are my synnes / for as the bodily
lyfe consysteth in blode/euen so is the lyfe of a
synner in his synne / powre out the blode and
the beast dyeth/powre out the synne/knowle-
gynge it vnto god/& the synner dyeth and is
made ryghtwyse. Neyther am I wrapped in
blode/but ouerwhelmed and drowned in blo-
des/full of streames of blodes do dryue me in to
hell / helpe me lorde leste I perysshe. Oh god
whiche gouernest all thynges / whiche onely

canst delyuer me/in whose handes is the spirye of all lyfe/ryd and purge me from these blodes Delyuer me frō blodes (oh god the auctour of my health/god in whome onely consysteth my saluacyon. Delyuer me lorde/ as thou delyuerest Noe from the waters of the flode. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdest Loth from the fyre of Sodome. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdest the chyldren of Israel from the depthe of the reed see. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdest Jonas frō the bely of the whale. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst the thre chyldren from the furnace of burnynge fyre. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdest Peter from peryl of the see. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdest Paule from the depthe of the see. Delyuer me as thou hast delyuerde innumbre synners from the power of death/ and from the gates of hell. And then shal my tonge tryumphe thy ryghtwysnes / that is for thy ryghtwysnesse/whiche I shall fele & perceyue in me through thy gracyous fauoure / for thy ryghtwysenesse(as the apostle sayeth. Ro. iij.) cōmeth by the fayth of Jesu Christe vnto all and vpō all them that be in hym/then shal my tonge tryumphe in prayesyng this thy ryghtwysenesse/cōmendynge thy fauoure / magnyfyenge thy pyte/knowledgynge my synnes/ that thy mercy may be declared in me whiche wolde vouchsafe to iustifye suche a great synner/and that all men may know that thou sa-

uest them whiche truste in the / and delyuerest them from extreme anguysshe and aduersyte o lorde our god.

Lorde open thou my lyppes / and then my mouth shall shewe forth thy prayse.

Thy prayse is a great thynge / o lorde / for it procedeth out of thy fountayne / wherof no synner drynketh. It is no gloryous prayse that cõmeth of a synners mouth. Delyuer me therfore from blode (oh lorde) the god of my healthy / & my tonge shall magnifye thy ryghtwysnesse. And then shalte thou lorde open my lyppes / and my mouth shall shewe forth thy prayse / for thou hast the kay of Dauid whiche shyttest and no man openeth / and openest and no man shytteth / therfore open thou my lyppes as thou openest the mouthes of infantes and suckelynges / out of whose mouthes thou hast stablysshed thy prayse. These truely were thy prophetes / apostles / and other sayntes whiche haue praysed the with a synple and a pure herte and mouth / and not the Philosophers and oratours which haue sayd. we wyll magnifye our tongue / oure lyppes be in our owne power / who is oure god? They opened theyr owne mouthes / and thou openedest thē not / neyther yet stablysshedest thy prayse oute of theyr mouthes. Thy infantes lorde praysed the and dispysed them selues. The Philosophers went aboute to prayse them selues and

magnifye theyr owne name. Thy ſucklynge
extolled thy fame and glory which they knew
through heauenly fauour. The philoſopher
knowynge the onely by naturall creatures
coulde neuer parfytly expreſſe thy renowne.
Thy ſayntes magnifyed the with theyr hert
mouth and good workes. The philoſopher
only with wordes and theyr owne ſubtell ym
gynacyons/thy chyldren haue ſpred thy glor
throughout al the worlde. The philoſopher
haue inſtructe but a fewe of theyr owne adhe
rentes. Thy frendes with ſpredyng thy glor
haue conuerted innumerable men from ſynn
vnto vertue/and vnto true felicyte. The phy
loſophers neyther knewe true vertues/ney
ther yet true felicyte. Thy welbyloued hau
preached openly thy bounteous gentylneſſ
and mercyable fauoure/whiche thou chewedſt
in thy deare ſone vnto all the worlde. But th
philoſophers coulde neuer attayne to know
it. Therfore out of the mouth of infantes and
ſucklynges haſt thou ſtablyſched thy prayſe/
for it hath euer pleaſed the to exalte the hum
ble/and bringe lowe the proude/now ſeyng
thou dyeſt euer reſyſt the proude/gyue me true
humylite that thou mayſt ſtablyſhe thy prayſe
by my mouthe. Gyue me a chyldes herte/for
except I tourne backe and become as a chyld
I can neuer entre in to the kyngdome of hea
uen/make me as one of thyne infauntes/o

suckelynges/that I maye euer hange on the
teates of thy wysdome/for thy teates are bet-
ter then myne / and thy wysdome better then
all ryches/so that nothynge can be compared
vnto it/for it is to men an infinyte treasure/
whiche they that vse are made parttakers of
the frendshyp of God/therfore yf thou make
me a chylde/thenne shalte thou stablysshe thy
prayse in my mouthe/for then shalt thou open
my lyppes/ and my mouthe shall shewe forthe
thy prayse/and shall parfytly declare it / euen
as thou haste publysshed it by the mouthe of
thyne infantes and suckelynges.
If thou haddest desyred sacrifices I had surely
offered theym / but thou delytest not in brent
sacrifyces. ¶ My mouthe lorde shall shewe
forth thy gloryous fame / for I knowe that
this thynge is moost acceptable vnto the/syth
thou sayest by the prophet.Psalme.xlix. The
sacrifyce of prayse shall gloryfye me / and by
that meanes shall I be entysed to shewe hym
my sauyng health/therfore wyl I offre prayse
vnto the heauen / the prayse of infantes and
suckelynges for my synnes. And why shall I
offre for my synnes/rather prayse then sacry-
fyce / for yf thou haddest desyred sacryfyces/ I
had surely offered thē/but thou delytest not in
brent sacrifyces. Canst thou be pacifyed with
the blode of calues or gotes? wylt thou eat the
flesshe of bulles/or drynke the blode of gotes?

Eyther dyest thou desyre golde which possessest heuen and earth? other wylte thou that I sacrifyce my body vnto the / whiche desyrest not the death of a synner / but rather that he were conuerted and lyue. Neuertheless I wyll chasten my flesshe in a measure / that through thy grace it may be subdued vnto reason and obey it / for in this poynt also / yf I passe measure and bringe my body so lowe that it is vnapte to serue my neyghboure / and to do that office whiche is apoynted me of god / it shal be imputed vnto me for synne. Let your seruyng of god be reasonable sayth the apostle. Ro. xij. And thou hast sayd also by the prophet. I requyre mercy and not sacrifyce. Osee. vi. Therfore shall my mouth shewe forth thy prayse / for this oblacyon doothe honoure the / and sheweth vs the way vnto the sauynge health. My herte is redy (oh god) my herte is redy / it is redy throughe thy grace to do all thynges which are pleasaunt vnto the / this one thyng haue I founde moost acceptable vnto the / that wyll I offre vnto the / that shall euer be in my herte / on that shal my lyppes euer be harpyng. yf thou haddest desyred a bodily sacrifyce / I wolde surely haue gyuen it the / for my herte is redy through thy grace to fulfyll thy wyll but in suche brent sacrifyce hast thou no delyte thou madest the body for the spyryte / therfore seekest thou spyrytual thynges and not bodily

for thou sayest in a certeyne place. Prou. xxiij. My sone gyue thy herte vnto me / this is the herte that pleaseth the. Let vs offre vnto the an herte repentynge with sorowe for our synnes / and enflamed with the loue of heauenly thynges / and then wylt thou desyre no more / for with such a sacrifyce wylt thou be cõtent. A sacrifyce to god is a broken spirite: a contryte and an humble herte thou shalte not despyse (oh god)

¶ A broken spirite / & not broken flesshe pleaseth the (o lorde) for the flesshe is broken and vered bycause he hath not the carnall thynges that he desyreth / or elles he feleth in hym selfe suche thynges as he hateth. But the spirite is broken and vnquyeted for his faulte / bycause he hathe offended agaynste god whome he loueth. He sorowerth that he hath synned agaynste his maker and redemer: that he hath displysed his blode / that he hath not regarded suche a good louyng father: this broken & sorowyng spirite is vnto the a sacrifyce of moste swete sauoure / which notwithstandyng hath his confection of moost bytter spyces / euen of the remembraunce of our synnes / for whyles oure synnes are gathered togyther in to the morter of the herte and beten with the pestle of compunccyon and made in to poudre / & watered with teares / therof is made an oyntmẽt and sacrifyce moofte swete / whiche redolente

D.

offerynge thou wylte not dyſpyce / for thou wylt not dyſpyce a cõtryte & an humble herte.

Therfore he that breaketh this ſtonye herte whiche is made with the mooſt harde ſtones of ſynne / that he maye therof prepare an oyntement of repentaūce in aboundaunce of teares not dyſpayrynge of the multytude & greuouſnelle of his ſynnes / but humbly offerynge this ſacrypyce vnto the / he ſhall in no wyſe be deſpyſed of the / for a broken & an humble herte wylt thou not dyſpyſe / O god.

Mary Magdalen which was a notable ſynner made ſuche an oyntmente / and putte it in the Alablaſter bore of her herte / ſhe feared not to entre in to the Pharyſyes houſe / ſhe humbled her ſelfe flatte before thy feete / ſhe was not aſhamed to wepe at the mealetyde / ſhe coude not ſpeake for inwarde ſorowe / but her herte melted in to teares / with the whiche ſhe waſched thy feete / ſhe wyped theym with her heer immedyarly: yea / and anoynted them with oyntment / and ceaſed not kyſſynge them.

who euer ſawe ſuch an other thynge? yea / or who hath euer herde of a thynge lyke to this? ſurely her ſacrypyce pleaſed the well. and was ſo acceptable that thou preferred it aboue the Pharyſe which in his owne ſyght was ryght wyſe / for it may be gathered of thy wordes. Luke vij. That there was ſo moche deference betwene the ryght wyſenelle of Mary and the

pharyse / as there was deferēce bytwene these
to wasshe the feete with water & wasshe them
with teares/ to kysse one on the face/ and not
to cease to kysse the feete/to anoynte the heed
with oyle /and to anoynte the feete with most
precyous oyntment: yea/ moche more precel-
led,she the Pharyse. For he neyther
gaue the/water/ kysse /nor oyle. O great is
thy power lorde/great is thy myght which de
clareth it selfe mooste cheyfly in sparynge and
hauynge compassyon. Nowe se I well that a
contryte & meke herte thou shalt not dyspyce/
o lorde. And therfore endeuour I my selfe to
offre suche an herte vnto the. Neyther is it
ynoughe that I say outwardly/ for thou arte
a god which sercheth our hertes and raynes.
Accepte therfore this my sacrifyce/and yf it be
vnperfite amende thou the defaute:which only
art of power to do that/that it may be a brent
sacryfice / all hote enflamed with the heate of
thy boūteus charite/that it may be acceptable
to the: or at the lest that thou dyspyce it not /
or yf thou dyspice it not/I know well I shall
ynde fauoure before the: & then shall none of
thy sayntes eyther in heuē or erth dyspice me.
O cale gentylly of thy fauorable beneuolence
with Syon: let the walles of Jerusalem be
auylte agayne.
¶ Bycause it is wryten. Psalme xviij. Unto
the holy man thou shalt be holy/ and with the

innocent shalt thou deale innocently. with the
pure and chosen shalt thou do purely. And
with the wycked shalt thou play ouert whart.
I am very desyrous that all men were saued /
and that they shulde come vnto the knowlege
of the trueth/ which thynge is very necessary
for them and also for my profyte/for by theyr
prayers/exortacyons and examples I myght
ryse from the fylthy synne and myght be pro-
uoked dayly to procede vnto better. I beseche
the therfore (o lorde) although I be a synner/
that thou of thy fauourable benevolence wol-
dest deale gentilly with Syon/that the walles
of Jerusalem myght be buylte agayne.
Syon is the churche/for Syon by interpreta-
cyon sygnyfyeth a toothyll / or a place where
a man may se farre aboute hym. And euen so
by the churche through the grace of the holy
ghost beholdeth a farre of the glory of god ac-
cordynge to the capacyte of thys lyfe. And
therfore sayeth the apostle. ij. Corin. iij. chap.
All we with an vncouered face beholdynge as
in a glasse the glorye of the Lorde. After the
same Jmage are transformed from glorye to
glory as by the spirytе of the Lorde.
Lorde god/ howe small is thy Churche at this
day? Almoste the hole worlde is fallen from
the / for there are many mo myscreaūtes than
chrysten. And yet amonge the chrysten how
many are there which forsake worldly thyng

nd seke the glory of the lorde: surely ye shall
ynde very fewe/in comparyson of them which
re addyct to worldly thynges / whose god is
heyr bely & glory to theyr shame & confucyon.
Deale gentylly lorde of thy fauourable bene-
olence with Syon/that it maye be encreased
othe in multytude and also in good lyuynge.
Beholde from heuen / & deale gentylly as thou
rte wont to do/that thou wylt sende amonge
s the fyer of thy charyte which may consume
ll our synnes. Deale lorde accordynge to thy
auourable bencuolence / and do not with vs
fter our deseruynge/neyther yelde thou vs a-
gayne accordynge to our iniquytes/ but order
s accordynge to thy great mercy. Thou lorde
rte our father & redemer / thou arte our hope
nd euerlastynge health. Euery man desyreth
oodnesse of the / yf thou gyue it them/ then
hall they gather it / yf thou open thy hande
ll shall be fylled with plentye/when thou tur
nest away thy face/ then are they astonyned/
hen thou gatherest in theyr breath then are
hey deade and returne in to earth. And agayne
hen thou breathest on them / then are they
reated anewe/ and thus renuuest thou the
ce of the earthe. Psalme. C. iiij.

lorde I pray the / what profet is there in the
ampnacyon of so many thousande men? Hell
s fylled/ and thy churche doth dayly decrease.
eyse lorde / why slepest thou so longe? aryse

and defarre not vnto the ende / deale gentyllye of thy fauorable beneuolence with Syon that the walles of Jerusalem maye be buylded agayne. what is Jerusalem (whiche by interpretacyon sygnyfieth the visyon of peace) but the holy congregacion and Cyte of the blyssed whiche is our mother. Her walles were decayed when Lucyfer with his Aungels fell / into whose places the ryghtwise are receyued. Deale therfore gentylly (O lorde) with Syon / that the nombre of thy chosen may shortly be fulfylled / and that the walles of Jerusalem maye be edyfyed and fynysshedde with newe stones which shall euer prayse the and endure euerlastyngly.

Then shalt thou accepte the sacrifice of ryghtwysenes / oblacyons & brente offerynges: then shal they lay vpon thyn aulter wanton calues. ¶ when thou haste delte gentylly of thy fauorable wyll and beneuolence with Syon / then shalte thou accepte the sacryfyce of ryghtwysenesse / for thou shalt consume it with burnyng fyer of thy loue and charyte. And so acceptest thou the sacryfyces of Moses & Helyas. And then acceptest thou the sacryfyce of ryghtwysenesse. when thou fastenest with thy grace the soules / whiche endeuoure them selues to lyue ryghtwysely. what profyteth to offre sacryfyces to the when thou acceptest thē not? O lord How many sacryfyces offre we now a dayes

which are not pleasaunt vnto the/ but rather abhominable: for we offre not the sacrifices of ryghtwysenes but our owne ceremonyes: and therfore ar they not accepted nor regarded of the. where is nowe the glory of the apostels? where is the valyaunte perseueraunce of martyrs? where is the fruyte of preachers? where is the holye symplycyte of theym that vsed to lyue solytary? where are nowe the vertues & workes of the Chrysten / whiche were in olde tyme? Then shalte thou accept theyr sacryfyces / when thou shalte decke and garnysshe them with thy grace and vertues.

¶ Also yf thou deale gētylly with Syon of thy fauorable beneuolence / then shalt thou delyte in sacryfyces of ryghtwysenes / for the people shall begyn to lyue well / to kepe thy cōmaundementes / & to deale iustly: & so shall the people be endued with thy benefytes and blyssynge. Then shall the oblacyons of the Preestes and of the clarge be acceptable vnto the / for they shall forsake theyr carnall affeccyō & endeuour them selues vnto a more perfyte lyfe / and so shall the oyntement of thy blyssynge dyscende vnto theyr heedes. Then shall the brynt offeryngcs of the religyous be plesaūt to the / for they shall caste out all drouse sluggysshenes & false confydence / & be hollye enflamed & made perfyte with the brynnyng fyer of goddes loue Then shal the byshops & preachers put calues

vpon thyne aultare/ for after they are consu:
mate in all kyndes of vertues/and replenys:
shed with the holy spiryte/they shall not feare
to gyue theyr lyues for theyr shepe. what is
thyne aultre swete Jesu/but thy crosse wher:
vpon thou wast offered? what sygnifyeth a
wanton calfe but our body? Therfor then shal
they put calues on thyne aulter whenne they
shall offre theyr owne bodyes vnto the crosse/
that is vnto al afflyctions/and euen vnto the
very death for thy names sake.

¶ Then shal the Churche floryssche and dylate
her costes/then shal thy prayse be noysed from
the laste ende of the worlde/then shall ioye and
gladnesse fulfyll the worlde. Then shall thy
sayntes reioyse in glory and shall make myrth
in theyr mancyons / waytynge for vs in the
lande of the lyuynge. Accomplyssche in me euen
now lorde/that then/whiche I so ofte name/
that thou mayst haue compassyon on me/ ac:
cordynge to thy great mercy/that thou mayst
receyue me for a sacryfyce of ryghtwysenesse/
for a holy oblacyon / for a brente sacryfyce of
good lyuynge/and for a caulfe to be offered in
thyne aultre/or crosse/by the whiche I maye
passe from this vale of mysery vnto that ioye
whiche thou hast prepared for them that loue
the. Amen.

¶ Thus endeth the exposicyon vpō Miserere.

Of fayth.

¶ Hereafter foloweth other propre thynges very necessary to edyfye the congregacyon of Chryste.

¶ Fyrst of Fayth.

DEare bretherne/ye ought to gyue dilygent hede/that ye may purely vnderstād what fayth is/and what frutes procedeth out of her. And to conclude the sōme in fewe wordes/fayth is a sure perswacyon and full knowlege that God for his treweth and ryghtwysnesse sake wyll fulfyll suche promyses / as he hathe made vnto vs of his mercy and fauour/ whiche sure perswacyon must be gyuen from God. j. Corynth. xij. chap. For it can neyther be goten by mannes power/neyther yet retayned/therfore with feare and tremblynge perfourme that healthe whiche is begon in you/ for it is God that worketh in you / bothe the wyll and also the dede / euen at his owne pleasure. And se that with all mekenesse ye submytte your selues vnto the vocacyon of god/ not sekynge the lybertye of the flesshe neyther yet despysynge good workes / for fayth dooth mortifye the flesshe and her workes / and the spyryte of God whiche resteth in a faythfull man /helpeth oure infyrmyte / and fyghteth without intermyssyon agaynste synne/ the deuyll and the worlde.

THe power of fayth is to iustifye vs/that is to dispoyle vs from all our vyces and lay them on Chrystes backe/whiche hath pacifyed the fathers wrath towardes vs / and to endue vs with anothers ryghtwyslnes that is Chrystes/so that I & all my synnes ar Chrystes and Chryst with all his vertues are myne/for he was borne for vs/and gyuen vnto vs. Esaie.ix. Roma. viij. To obtayne this ryghtwyslnes/god the father requyreth nothyng of vs/but that we bylene in hym/and make hym no lyer. He that byleueth that god of his mercy hath made vs these promyses and that for his truethes sake he wyll fulfyll them/he setteth to his seale that god is true. But he that byleueth not or doubteth of this (as moche as in hym) he maketh hym a lyer. 1. Jo. v. For why shuldest thou wut in hym/except thou thoughtest that he were a lyer and wolde not kepe his promyse whiche he made? Now/yf thou countest god (which is the very trueth) to be a lyer/art thou not worthy a thousande dampnacyons.

¶ The worke of fayth.

HAyth worketh by charyte/ for when my ragyng conscyence which feleth her synnes is pacified & set at one with god through fayth then remembryng the feruent loue of god towarde me/I can not but loue my neyghbour

agayne / for there is no man that hertely lo-
ueth the father and can hate the sone / and all
though the sone be nought and vnthryfty / yet
for his fathers sake he wyl helpe to better hym
and euen lamente and be sorye for the sones
wyckednesse . Lykewyse yf we hertely loue
God for his infinyte benefytes done vnto vs /
then can we not hate the creature whiche he
hath made after his owne lykenesse / whome
god the father loueth so tenderly that he gaue
his owne sone vnto the death to redeme hym /
yea / and whome he hathe adopted (throughe
Chryste) to be his sone and heyre . Nowe albeit
we se no kyndenesse in this man / for whiche
we shulde loue hym / yet hath God shewed vs
kyndenes ynoughe for the whiche we oughte
to lone hym and socour hym at all tymes . Let
vs therfore loue hym / for the loue that God
his creatoure hath shewed vs / and beare his
infyrmyte / yf he fall / let vs lyft hym vp agayn
and endue hym with our wysdome and all our
workes / euen as Chryste hath done with vs /
and this is an euydent token that thou louest
god when thou louest thy brother . j . Jo . iiij . &
seekest all meanes to helpe hym . These are the
good workes that folowe fayth / & are euydent
tokens that thy fayth is ryght & pure . Thus
seest thou how good workes flow out of fayth
throughe charyte / and charyte or loue is the
fulfyllynge of the hole lawe . Rom . xiij

Good workes.

Among good workes the cheyf are to be obedient in al thynges vnto kynges princes/iudges/ and suche other officers/ as farre as they cõmaunde cyuyle thynges / that is to saye / suche thynges as are indyfferent/ and not contrary vnto the cõmaundementes of God/for them muste we rather obey God then man. Actes in the fyrst cha/ although we shulde lese both our substaunce and lyfe therto To honoure rulers. To promote peace. To praye for all cõmunaltyes. And to applye all our studyes to profyte them.

¶ The nexte are/ to be obedyent vnto father and mother. To prouyde for oure house holde/ bothe nouryshynge oure famylye with bodily sustenaunce/and also to instruncte them with the worde of God / and so to be theyr gouernoure carnall and spyrytuall.

¶ Then muste we loke howe we ought to behaue oure selfes towardes our neyghboures/ knowlegynge that all the gyftes whiche are gyuen vs of God are not gyuen vs for oure owne selfe/but for the edifyeng of the congregacyon. j. Corynthyans/the. xij. chapiter. And yf we bestow them not on that mater/we shall surely gyue a rekenynge of theym before the lorde. Amonge these ought we to haue respect vnto the preachers & mynysters of the worde/ that they may be had in honour and well prouyded for. And aboue all thynges good hee

threne/addresse your selfe vnto the necessary worke/prayer. Remembre to pray for all estates/for that is a worke that Chryste and his Apostles full dilygently exorted all men vnto promysynge theym that they shulde obtayne theyr peticyons. Johan. xvj. also. j. Johan. iij. yf they be accordynge to the wyll of God and for his glorye. j. Johan. v.

¶ The prayer of the Prophet Daniell for the restoryng of Chrystes church vnder the fygure of Jerusalem/and the chyldren of Israel beyng in captiuyte of the Babylonytes. Daniel. ix.

HAst the lorde god/whiche arte great and reuerently to be feared/kepynge conuenaūt and mercy with them that loue the and kepe thy cōmaūdementes. we ar synners/yea/we haue cōmytted vngodlynesse/and are rebell agaynst the declynynge from thy cōmaūdementes and pleasures/for we haue not herde thy seruaūtes the prophetes/whiche spoke in thy name to our kynges/to oure prynces/to our fathers and to all the people of the lande. Ryghtwysnesse (lorde) is with the/but confusyon couereth our faces/as this daye well declareth. Confusyon is fallen vpon the man of Juda/vpon the inhabytours of Jerusalem/& vpon all Israel/bothe farre and nyghe/in all the landes in to the whiche thou castedest them

for theyr offences cõmytted agaynst the.

Lorde we dare not loke vpon the for shame/ neyther our kynges nor our prynces/nor yet our fathers/ bycause they haue so synned agaynste the. But with the lorde oure god are there plentcous mercyes and forgyuenelle/ for we haue rebelled agaynst hym. And haue not herde the voyce of our lorde God to walke in his lawe whiche he gaue before vs/ by the handes of his seruauntes the prophetes. But all Israel hath transgressed thy lawes/ and haue gone backe bycause they wolde not here thy voyce/ wherfore thy curse and othe are fallen vpon vs/as it is wryten in the law of Moyses/the seruaunt of god/ bycause we haue offended hym. He hath fulfylled his sayenges vpõ vs and our iudges/whiche iudged vs/to bryng vpon vs this great plage which haue ben done in no place vnder heauen/ as is done vpon Jerusalem. All these plages of the whiche it is wryten in the lawes of Moyses fallen vpon vs/ and yet we haue not prayed the face of the lorde our God to be conuerted from our wyckednelle/that we myght vnderstande thy trouth. But the lorde hasted hym to punyshment/and brought it in vpon vs/ for the lorde our god is ryghtwyse in all his workes which he hath done/& yet we haue not his voyce. But now (lorde) our god whiche ledest thy people out of the lande of Egypte from so

stronge a power/and haste gotten the a name (as is now well knowen) we are synners and haue done vngodly (lorde) for all thy ryghtwysnesse sake let thy wrath (I beseche the) ceasse/ and thy hote indygnacion also be turned from Jerusalem thy cytie the hyll of thy holynesse/ forbycause of our synnes/and for the wyckednesse of our fathers. Jerusalem & thy people are brought into an oppropry to al that dwell rounde about vs. And now (our lorde) here the prayer of thy seruant and his depe desyres and lyghten thy presence vpō the sanctuarye/thus desolate for Chrystes sake. O my god bowe downe thyne eare and herte/open thyne eyes and beholde our desolacyons/and the desolaciō of thy cytie/in the which thy name was wont to be called vpon/for we powre not forth our prayers & these depe desyres before the in oure ryghtwysnes. But for thy plenteous mercyes sake. Lorde here (lorde) be mercyful. Lorde gyue heed/& bringe this to passe/tary not for thyne owne sake lorde God/for bothe thy cytie and thy people are called after thy name.

¶ Finis.

¶ Imprynted at London in paules chyrche yarde at the sygne of the maydens heed by Thomas petyt.